

Boys Can't Ever Say They're In Love, Even If They're In It Right Now by RainbowDragonball

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Summary:

Eddie's a demon and Richie's an angel and they're in love with each other. That's basically about it.

1. Happy

“Hey, Eds?”

“Yeah?”

“How come you’re floating a bit off the ground like that?” Richie asks as Eddie sluggishly opens his eyes and then blinks. They’re currently laying on their backs on the ground as they idly watch the clouds drift by. In Eddie’s case, he had been lulled into a nap thanks to the peacefulness of the moment before Richie had started talking.

Eddie’s tail whips and flaps in random directions as he begins to get more and more awake, while one of his hands blindly weaves in and out of the sliver of space that now exists between him and the ground. “Oh, that? It just happens whenever I’m feeling really happy about something. Can angels do it too?” Eddie asks as he turns his head over to the left and tilts it sideways as he looks at Richie.

The other boy’s eyes glitter at the thought; he then proceeds to close his eyes and scrunches up his face as he concentrates. Eddie’s a second away from telling him all of that wasn’t necessary before Riche’s body suddenly shoots up a good eight inches off the ground.

“Holy shit Rich!”

“I know right?! So tell me how’s the view from down there spaghetti man?”

“More like tell me what made you so happy that you were able to blast off into the air like that.”

‘Being able to spend time alone with you like this’ “Oh, it was nothing really, except for the thought of spending the whole night fucking your sweet mo-”

“Dude!”

“Hey, Richie?” Eddie says as he slowly drags the stick in his hand through space between two random rocks on the ground. The other

boy grunts as he does the same thing a few feet ahead of Eddie, with narrowed eyes and the tip of his tongue poking out of the side his mouth. The dragon that they are supposed to be drawing in the ground looks more like a very large and constipated bear if you asked Eddie, but at the same time, he found it to be quite charming.

“How come you never have your wings out?” Eddie continues while Richie instantly freezes up at the question. The silence that drags on between them afterward, gets to be so awkward that Eddie can’t help but feel compelled to fill it up with needless babbling. “Not that there’s anything wrong with that of course, I’m just curious about it that’s all I promise! In all honesty, I just want to see how pretty they are you know? Like what color the feathers are and if they are shiny, like the sliver and cream-colored wings of these two boys I saw playing with a bunch of paper boats, at a lake yesterday afternoon when I was sneaking back into my house-”

“I don’t have them out all the time because they’re fucking stupid,” Richie abruptly cuts into Eddie’s rambling with a voice that doesn’t sound angry actually, but more along the lines of someone who is deeply exhausted. It makes Eddie frown hard as he drops his stick on the ground, before making his way over to Richie, who had sat down on the ground with his stick still in his hand.

Eddie silently plops down beside him and Richie sighs softly. “They’re small, like insanely small like a baby’s wings would be, and they’re this really ugly brown color that looks like something had come along and taken a huge dump on me-”

“Can I see them?” Eddie jumps in this time, not even bothering to hide the excitement in his voice. It stops Richie dead in his tracks and makes his eyes widen and his mouth opens up wide enough to show off a peek of his braces.

“...You’re serious about this aren’t you?” He asks quietly and before Eddie can give him a proper answer, his wings are just suddenly out in the open without any warning what so ever. They are colored brown but instead of the bad way Richie had described it, the shade of brown reminds Eddie of the wooden cabinets located in the kitchen of his house. Their size, however, doesn’t even come close to being the general size of how a baby’s wings would be. They’re even

smaller and can fit in his hands!

The silence between them while Eddie examines Richie's wings must drag out, for too long because Richie starts to tense up and hunch into himself. "See I told you that they're dumb and ugly and-"

Incredibly soft as it turns out, once Eddie works up enough courage to touch a group of feathers located near the top of Richie's right wing. "I love them," Eddie says while staring Richie straight in his eyes, smiling when Richie's cheeks slowly turn a cute bright pink in response.

2. Pretty Sugary Words

Your hair is winter fire

January embers

My heart burns there too

Ben finishes the poem with a quick flick of his wrist, his cheeks instantly warming at the sight of the postcard. He then places his pencil down on the table he was sitting at, before reaching behind him to pluck off a loose feather near the bottom of his left wing. After reaching into one of his pant pockets he takes out a string and then ties the feather onto the postcard.

“Damn Haystack, if I knew you were this good with words, I would’ve asked you to help me out with my English homework a long time ago!”

Ben all but launches himself over the table to cover the postcard, before turning to look behind him and shooting Richie a hot glare. “Ah come on now Benny boy don’t look at me like that,” Richie coos playfully while poking one of Ben’s rosy cheeks. Ben sticks his tongue out at Richie in response, causing the other boy to laugh loudly while he pulls up a chair to sit beside Ben.

“Soooo?”

“So what?” Ben asks back as he straightens himself back into his seat, before sliding over the postcard into Richie’s eager hands.

“Who’s the lucky girl?”

“....a demon girl named Beverly Marsh. She’s just so pretty and smart and kind and I just... always freeze-up whenever I’m around her. So I figured what better way to show that I like her other than to send her a poem you know?” Ben confesses softly, his words sounding loud though in the silence between them, thanks to Richie not saying anything in favor of staring intently at the postcard.

“....Then why isn’t your name signed on here?” He asks after a few

more seconds of silence, and if it wasn't for how nonjudgemental his voice sounded, Ben doesn't think he would've felt comfortable enough to answer the question.

"Cause I... don't want her to feel compelled to like me back or anything like that. I just want my words to make her happy and feel special because she's so amazing and-"

"It's painfully obvious that he doesn't get told things like that as often as he should be," Richie cuts in with a whisper, with his eyes still focused entirely onto the postcard and his lips twisted into a heavy frown.

Ben can't help but blink owlishly at Richie, surprised at how forlorn his demeanor seemed so suddenly.

3. Pretty Sugary Words (cont.)

“Uh Richie, I’m starting to get the feeling that we’re talking about two different people here...” Ben says gently as Richie finally looks up from the postcard so that he can glance at Ben instead. His mouth is open as he prepares to say something before it randomly clamps shut again, as the color immediately drains from his cheeks and his eyes get alarmingly wide.

“*Oh no*,” he moans before dropping his face onto the table, causing Ben to jump a little in his sit at Richie’s unexpected reaction.

“Richie, what’s wrong?!” He asks frantically while Richie curls his arms under his face.

“...There’s something I gotta tell you, Ben, that’s related to what I just said. And I’m scared to say it out loud because I don’t want you to end up hating me for it,” Richie mumbles after a few seconds, his words were so muffled that Ben had to lean over him just to hear them.

“Oh Richie, of course, I’m not gonna hate you for whatever it is you need to tell me. You’re one of my best friends dummy,” Ben says quietly as he sits back down in his chair, before reaching over to place a hand onto one of Richie’s arms and then giving it a brief squeeze.

“ I...I uh...I really- ah fuck it!” Richie yells as he uncurls his arms and pushes himself away from the table; he then fiercely grabs onto Ben’s shoulders and pushes their faces together so close, that there’s only an inch of space between their noses. They maintain intense an intense amount of eye contact for a moment before Richie narrows his eyes and whispers,

“I’m gay!”

“You’re...gay?”

“Well technically bisexual, but I figured gay would be more appropriate right now, since I’ve found myself in a dangerous

situation recently,” Richie continues as he slowly removes his hands from Ben’s shoulders. He then places his face back onto the table but doesn’t bother covering up his face this time.

“A dangerous situation?”

“Yeah, there’s this...uh... boy, that I’ve been hanging out with a lot with lately. He’s a demon too like Beverly and um...I... really really like him,” Richie finishes up, determinedly not looking anywhere in Ben’s direction. The other boy is quiet for a moment before beginning to scoot his seat closer to Richie’s. The loud noise being produced thanks to that is loud enough to make Richie look back at Ben, with such blatant surprise on his face that it makes a part of Ben ache a little inside.

“Well however this guy is, he must be pretty amazing to get the attention of Richie Tozier of all people,” he says while playfully jabbing Richie in the side with an elbow. Richie blinks slowly at him in response before his eyes get a little damp and his cheeks get a little pink.

“Yeah, he is. Which is why I was wondering if you wouldn’t mind helping me write a poem for him too; you know after we’re done with our homework and everything.” Richie says he ducks his head and wipes his eyes with a sleeve of his shirt, feeling a little overwhelmed about everything that just happened.

“Sure,” Ben easily agrees to the request with a nod of his head, even though Richie couldn’t see it at that instant. Unknown to both of them, however, was a pair of anguished tear-filled eyes intently watching them from a window in the library.

4. A Cure For Lovesickness...

Summary for the Chapter:

Here's a quick flashback because I'm a giant little shit :)

Eddie had met Richie on the day he had been forced to leave school a little later than usual, thanks to having to make up a test he had missed in one class thanks to being out sick the week before. Richie had been dangling from a fence post that had been jammed forcefully through the back of his shorts, with his lip being slit and a thin trail of blood slowly running down his chin along with a black eye. His glasses had been laying on the ground with a crack in the middle of them and both of the lenses were broken.

Eddie hadn't even hesitated to run over to Richie and begin to try and help him off of the fence, steadily ignoring the small flinch Richie had did once he had caught sight of him. It wasn't until Richie had been safely sitting down on the ground and Eddie had been softly wiping the blood off his face, that Eddie had understood why Richie had been slightly wary of him at first; when he had briefly explained how Bowers and his merry gang of idiots, had ambushed him after school thanks to him mouthing off at Bowers during their shared gym class earlier that day.

"So when I had caught sight of a whole bunch red barreling at me a minute ago, I assumed that they had come back to finish the job," Richie had said as he slowly stood up and reached for his ruined pair of glasses, once Eddie had finished dabbing at his currently throbbing bottom lip. The other boy had simply shrugged off his words, not at all bothered by the assumption, before he started to rummage in his backpack for something.

"Soooo... can I know the name of my dashing knight in shining armor?" Richie had drawled as he placed his glasses in one of the pockets in his shorts, before leaning over one of Eddie's shoulders to try and see what the other boy was trying to look for.

"Eddie...Kaspbrak," Eddie had said with a grunt as he started to pull

out a thin blue jacket out of his backpack. Once the piece of clothing was in his hands, Eddie had then turned around and started to tie his jacket around a bewildered Richie's waist.

"Uh Eds, what are you doing?"

"Don't call me that, and I'm doing this cause I figured you wouldn't want the whole wide world to see your ridiculous underwear."

"Hey! I'll have you know that Batman is not ridiculous!"

"Well, of course, he isn't but I know of a lot more impressive heroes than he is," Eddie had said once he had secured his jacket onto Richie, briefly glancing up at the other boy to catch a glimpse of his wide-eyed surprised face, before stepping back so that he could gather up all of his belongings.

"Oh yeah like who?"

"Shazam for starters."

"Bullshit!" Richie had yelled with a huge grin on his face while wrapping an arm around Eddie's shoulders; he had then begun to steer the smaller boy in the opposite direction of where his house was located at.

"Ummmm..."

"Richie, Richie Tozier at your service my good fellow."

"Um Richie, my house is in the other direction..."

"Oh really? Well, I knew that if you had left your jacket with me, then I would have forgotten all about it the next day, so I figured you walking me home was the best way to make sure that didn't happen. Plus I wanna know why you think Shazam is so much better than Batman!"

5. A Cure For Lovesickness (cont.)

Thinking about how his first meeting with Richie had gone only brings, even more, tears to Eddie's eyes as he's being aggressively tucked onto his bed by his mother. She is talking a mile a minute about something, but Eddie wouldn't have been able to tell anyone a word of what she was saying for the life of him, thanks to the foggiess in his head and the ringing in his ears making it pretty hard to focus on anything.

Not to mention the searing pain that's been in his chest since he had spotted Richie, sitting so close to that other angel in the library. The ache had slowly gotten worse while he had run away to his house with tears of anguish pooling in his eyes, so much so that he had been seconds away from collapsing, the moment he had finally made it to the front porch of his house. That hadn't stopped him from trying to sneak past his mom, who at that moment in time, had been in her worn down seat in the living room watching something loud on tv, however.

He had almost made it to the haven of his room upstairs without being detected, if it hadn't been for him forgetting about the second to last step in the stairs being quite loose; so when he had stepped on it the noise had been unfortunately loud enough to get his mother's attention.

The older demon had wasted no time in stomping up the stairs and dragging him back downstairs, easily ignoring his admittedly weak protests throughout the whole thing. Once they had reached the ground floor she had led him into the kitchen, before beginning to frantically search around in their rather large medicine cabinet.

At that point, a searing heat had started to take over him, as well as the beginnings of the current foggiess in his head. The last real thing Eddie remembers before his brain had been forced off, is his mom harshly jamming a thermometer into his mouth.

Richie has the envelope containing the poem for Eddie that Ben had helped him write the previous day in his mouth, as he lifts the lower

sash of the window located in Eddie's bedroom, after having spent the last couple of minutes climbing the tree that's planted at the side of Eddie's house. After worming his way into the room, the first thing he notices is how cold it is. The chill itself being so severe that it causes him to quickly wrap his arms around himself, after removing the envelope from his mouth and putting it in one of his pants pockets, in a poor attempt to try and warm himself up.

"Eds? Are you in here man?" He whispers and flinches hard when the blanket-covered lump in Eddie's bed sluggishly starts moving. Eddie's head soon pops out from under the blanket after a few minutes, and he frankly looks terrible. With hazy bloodshot eyes, limp sweat-drenched hair, deep bags under his eyes, and practically all of the color drained from his face. There was also this unsettling rattling noise coming from him, that Richie took too long to realize was his labored breathing.

An awkward silence soon follows between them, since it seems to take Eddie quite a while to recognize that someone else is in his room with him. "Richie? What...are you...doing...in here?" He eventually asks while having to stop several times, to cough loudly inside a sleeve of the shirt he was wearing.

Author's Note:

Feel free to hit me up at my tumblr
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